

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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### Review of New Books.

*Poetic Vigils.* By BERNARD BARTON. Fool-cap 8vo. pp. 303. London, 1824. NORWITHSTANDING that we might lately seem to reflect somewhat harshly on the author of these poems, regretting that he should lend his name to almost every periodical publication, it is with great satisfaction that we find him once more before the public with a volume of his own compositions. To those who are acquainted with this writer's former productions, it may almost be sufficient to observe that his Poetic Vigils contain a variety of pieces distinguished by the same purity and fervour of feeling—the same ingenuity of thought and expression, although with an occasional quaintness and ultra simplicity that excite a smile. Beautiful, however, as many of these productions undoubtedly are, we regret that the author should not strenuously concentrate his powers, and apply himself to the composition of some poem of greater extent and of more continued interest than any which we meet with in the present collection. We can conceive that one who can give to literature only the 'hours snatched from recreation or repose,' has but little leisure for the undertaking and maturing any thing of magnitude: still we wish that, in justice to himself, he would make the attempt, for we think that, were he to make choice of a suitable theme, he would produce a work of permanent reputation. But we will not pay him so ambiguous and invidious a compliment as we may be suspected to do, if we continue to lay more stress upon our regret for what he has not attempted, than on the pleasure we have derived from his actual efforts. We will, therefore, present the reader with some specimens from the volume before us: nor shall we find much difficulty in meeting with something suitable for our purpose, when at the very commencement we have the following stanzas inscribed:—

#### MORNING AND EVENING.

'How beautiful is morn!  
When daylight, newly born,  
From the bright portals of the east is breaking;  
While songs of joy resound  
From countless warblers round,  
To light and life from silent slumber wakening.  
'The parting clouds unfold  
Their edges ting'd with gold;  
Bright is the summit of the lofty mountain;  
The glist'ning tops of trees,  
Touch'd by the rustling breeze,  
Are bright and tuneful as the muses' fountain.'

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'As upward mounts the sun,  
The valleys, one by one,  
Ope their recesses to the living splendour;  
The mighty ocean's breast  
Heaves upward to be blest,  
And bids its waves reflected light surrender.  
'Each humble flower lifts up  
Its dewy bell or cup,  
Smiling through tears that know no tinge of  
sadness;  
The insect tribes come out,  
And, fluttering all about,  
Fill the fresh air with gentle sounds of glad-  
ness.  
'Oh! who can witness this,  
Nor feel the throb of bliss  
With which creation's ev'ry pulse seems beat-  
ing?  
Or who, 'mid such a store  
Of rapture flowing o'er,  
The tribute of the heart forbear repeating?  
'Yet have I known an hour  
Of more subduing power  
Than this of beauty glowing—music gush-  
ing;—  
An hour whose quiet calm  
Diffus'd an holier balm,  
Whose watch-word "Peace, be still!" the in-  
most heart was hushing.  
'It is the close of day,  
When evening's hues array  
The western sky in all their radiant lustre;  
When round the setting sun,  
His goal of glory won,  
Resplendent clouds in silent beauty muster.  
'Tis when day's parting light,  
Dazzling no more the sight,  
Its chastening glory to the eye is granting,  
That "thoughts too deep for tears,"  
Unearthly hopes and fears,  
And voiceless feelings in the heart are panting.  
'While thus the western sky  
Delights the gazing eye,  
With thrilling beauty, touching and endear-  
ing;—  
What still of earth is fair  
Borrows its beauty there,  
Though every borrow'd charm is disappearing.  
'Ere yet those charms grow dim,  
Creation's vesper hymn,  
Grateful and lovely, is from earth ascending;  
'Till, with that song of praise,  
The hearts of those who gaze  
With solemn feelings of delight are blending.  
'Then from those portals bright  
A farewell gleam of light  
Breaks with unearthly glory on the vision;  
And through the folding doors  
The eye of thought explores  
Seraphic forms and fantasies elysian.  
'These pass like thought away!  
Yet may their hallow'd sway

Rest on the heart,—as dew-drops round adorn'-  
ing  
The drooping silent flowers,  
Feed them through night's dark hours,  
And keep them fresh and living till the morn-  
ing.  
'Thus should the sunset hour,  
With soul-absorbing power,  
Nurse by its glories the immortal spirit;  
And plume its wings for flight  
To realms of cloudless light,  
Regions its God hath form'd it to inherit.  
'Fair, bright, and sweet is MORN!  
When daylight, newly born,  
In all its beauty is to sense appealing;  
Yet EVE to me is fraught  
With more unearthly thought,  
And purer touches of immortal feeling!'  
This is a fair specimen of the author's powers: there breathes through it a strain of devotion that is honourably characteristic of his poetry; which is—to use his own expression:—  
'The nurse of feeling, the interpreter of purest passion.'  
Several of the pieces here given have been published before; but we think that no one will be displeased at meeting them again. Among these, is that entitled a Day in Autumn, which we reviewed at page 57 of our volume for 1821.  
We have room but for one more extract, from the "Poet's Lot," marked by that pensiveness and deep cast of reflection that tinge more or less all this writer's productions:—

#### THE POET'S LOT.

'Askest thou what it is to be  
A poet?—I will tell thee what;  
And show the thoughtless world and thee,  
His weary lot.  
'It is to sacrifice each good  
That Fortune's favour'd minions share;  
And in unheeded solitude  
Her frowns to bear.  
'It is to nourish hopes that cheat;  
Which, when he felt them first beat high,  
Appear'd so humble, blameless, sweet,  
They could not die.  
'It is to feel foreboding fears;—  
Then fancy them unfounded too,—  
And last, with pangs too deep for tears,  
To own them true!  
'It is to cherish in the heart  
Feelings the warmest, kindest, best;—  
To wish their essence to impart  
To every breast;—  
'And then, awaking from such dream,  
With anguish not to be controll'd,  
To find that hearts which warmest seem  
Are icy cold!'

'Tis like the pelican, to feed  
Others from his warm breast; but own,  
Unlike that bird—the bard may bleed,  
Unthank'd, unknown.

'It is to pamper vicious taste,  
By spurning virtue's strict control;  
Then be with fame and riches graced,  
And lose his soul!

'Or while his humble verse defends  
Her cause, her loveliness portrays  
To win from her apparent friends  
Cold cautious praise.

'It is a thorny path to tread,  
By care, by sorrow overcast;  
With but one thought its balm to shed,—  
"This cannot last!"

'For soon that thorny path is trod;  
From man he has no more to crave;—  
Grant him thy mercy, gracious God!  
Thou, Earth!—a grave!'

*Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land. The Second Edition; with a Journey through Turkey, Greece, the Ionian Isles, Sicily, Spain, &c. By WILLIAM RAE WILSON, Esq., F. A. S. 8vo. pp. 448. London, 1824.*

Our attention has been called to Mr. Wilson's Travels by our friend Asmodeus, who, in pronouncing judgment in its favour, appeared to us to be extending his rambles too far, and trespassing on our domain; we mention this, in order to warn him off the premises in future, or he must incur the hazard of the man-traps, spring-guns, and game laws of criticism.

Mr. Wilson is a memorable instance of the influence of enthusiasm and fidelity in authorship, for, although there are more ingenious authors, more learned travellers, and better writers than Mr. Wilson, yet there are, perhaps, few volumes of travels more generally acceptable to the public than the one before us. The author is so ardent and enthusiastic on the subjects on which he treats, particularly those connected with religion, that he carries the reader along with him, and always inspires respect, even where he may not insure admiration. It is true that he sometimes indulges in trivial details, and that he drags in passages of Scripture as illustrations, which are not only irrelevant, but sometimes appear ridiculous. This was particularly the case with the first edition of his work, but it has now in a great measure been corrected. In the second edition, Mr. Wilson has introduced much additional information, and has inserted an account of his journey through other countries, from his departure until his return. One leading object pervades Mr. Wilson's Travels, that of confirming the general veracity of the sacred volume, by showing that many of the customs described in it still prevail in the countries of which they are recorded.

Mr. Wilson left London for the Holy Land in September, 1819, and no pilgrim, not even Peter the Hermit himself, set out with more enthusiasm; for we are persuaded that he chided every wind and wave in the Mediterranean that delayed his progress. He does not, like some travel-

lers, fatigue his readers with an account of his outfit, or the preliminary part of his journey, but, on the contrary, places his reader at Alexandria, at the ninth page of his work. While on the coast of Egypt, he was enabled, as he thinks, to confirm a very extraordinary scripture narrative—that of Jonah, and saw—not the fish which swallowed the prophet, but several which, perhaps, were descendants of it, in the same portion of the sea where the vessel, with Jonah, encountered the tempest. Mr. Wilson gives some interesting particulars respecting Alexandria:—

The modern town, in its general appearance, is wretched and mean, and has an air of poverty which it is extremely difficult to depict; in fact, with the exception of the palace of the Pacha and the houses of the consuls, especially that of the British, the habitations are deplorable in the extreme, and every thing is totally at variance with English manners, customs, and comforts.

Most of the inhabitants are in rags. Those who are occupied about the harbours are in a complete state of nudity. The number of females is not in proportion to that of males. They are miserable objects, having their faces covered with ragged clothes, and small holes for the eyes, a custom which is founded on certain religious tenets which they profess. The Franks live in a part of the town distinct from the Mahomedans, and there appears no remarkable prejudice to their dress as Christians. One of the regulations of police is, that no person is permitted to go abroad at night without carrying a light. There is a convent at a short distance from the town, said to be built on the spot where the church of Athanasius was founded.

When the expulsion of the French took place in 1801, the British army finally evacuated the country in 1803. On this occasion a variety of privileges were secured to the inhabitants of Alexandria, which extended to all Europeans, in consequence of the exertions of Sir John Stuart. One of the most important was giving permission to the vessels of Europeans to enter, and make use of the western harbour, from which they had always been expressly excluded, by motives of jealousy on the part of the Mussulman; a port, in fact, which may be considered as the only one of perfect security on the coast of Egypt.

Previous to the invasion of Buonaparte in 1798, ships of war, and those of merchants from Europe, had only liberty to enter the eastern harbour, which, from the little depth of water and its rocky bottom, was always attended with a degree of danger. Independent of the great advantage possessed by the one harbour over the other, the exclusion from that of the western had become offensive to Europeans, from the consideration that it was denominated by the Mahomedans "The harbour of the faithful;" while, on the other hand, the eastern port, appropriated for the Europeans, was branded with the appellation of "The harbour of the infidel."

This inviolable distinction occupied the particular attention of Sir John Stuart, who had the merit of accomplishing its abolition, by throwing open the western harbour to European vessels of all descriptions. Incalculable advantages have in consequence followed, as they now ride in all possible security, in sufficient depth of water, which is moreover capable of admitting any number of ships of the greatest burden.

It may be observed, that under the government of the Mamelukes, no Christian was permitted to ride on horseback along the streets of Grand Cairo, the capital, or in any quarter of the country, that animal having been exclusively reserved for the Mahomedans, who permit only the ass to be used by Christians, who in fact were formerly obliged to dismount and walk till the infidels had passed them. Sir John had also the credit of giving a blow to this indignity, and making a special stipulation, that Christians should be entitled to the privilege of riding on horses in all parts of Egypt.

Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle have been so often described, that we pass them over. The latter has been presented to his present Majesty, but some doubts are entertained as to the practicability of its removal. Mr. Wilson thinks it may be done, and in this opinion he is supported by Admiral Donally. The expense, Mr. W. calculates at £12,000. We know not how Mr. Wilson can reconcile his statement, that on the top of the Pharos, at Alexandria, there was a vast mirror of polished metal, which, at night, was illuminated with lamps, with his opinion, that it was a telescope, particularly as the latter is an invention of the 16th century. In the journey across the desert, Mr. Wilson halted for the night at a small caffane, in the desert, on the bay:—

This place, of all the scenes of misery and filth, exceeded any thing I ever beheld in any country through which I had travelled. It was a loathsome hut, rudely formed of reeds and straw. Both inside and without there were swarms of Arabs, in all the horrors of poverty and nakedness, and literally covered with vermin. Many of them, during the night-time, rushed into the hut with the impetuosity of a torrent. The servants who accompanied them, slept on the ground on the outside of the place, a practice that appears to have been anciently followed in the East.

At Alexandria, I also remarked, that many of the Arabs' servants slept on the outside of the door of the consuls' houses. A cloud of smoke from their pipes completely enveloped the place, which was only lighted by a solitary cruse of oil, and became almost suffocating. In such a spot, it is unnecessary to say, that sleep, nature's soft nurse, was frightened away; in fact, to use the words of our bard, it might be said to be murdered, by the swarms of vermin which made so formidable an attack. Language is perfectly inadequate to describe the dreadful suffering I experienced during this memorable night. I was compelled to

have recourse to this receptacle of wretchedness for shelter, from the great dews which fall in Egypt after sunset, which are so destructive to health. A thousand times was I forcibly reminded of the torment which the Egyptians must have endured from the third plague. The whole operation I was engaged in during the night, was, attempting by every expedient in my power to ward off the vermin, but in vain.'

'Although I am perfectly aware that the reader is wearied with perusing a narrative so disagreeable, yet I can assure him, that I felt much more tired in going through one scene of this sort after another. My object, in short, in relating the circumstance, is to excite in him thankfulness to God, and submission to just and benevolent rulers, to move his compassion towards these countries, and rouse him to prayer and exertion, where it is at all practicable, to send the salvation of God among such a people, that it may raise them from the dunghill, and rectify what is evil among them. Never will that deplorable spectacle which the group within and without this spot presented, be effaced from my memory. I repeatedly had occasion to contrast it with the accommodation afforded even to the most common animal in Britain.'

Of the caravanserais, Mr. Wilson says,— 'These edifices are of two kinds. Those in cities are for the accommodation of travelling merchants; but, such as are here and there placed along the roads or track, or attached to the ports, are intended for the temporary use of travellers. These caravanserais, which are open to persons of every religious persuasion, are sometimes built on a large scale. They are mossy structures, having recesses like cloisters or arches of considerable depth, elevated about two feet from the ground; many of them are without doors or inclosures for the accommodation of travellers. There is a large court or area in front, where the animals are fastened to the ground, and the entrance is secured by large gates. As no provisions are to be found in these places, the traveller is obliged to provide every article he requires, who is abundantly supplied with the purest water from fountains in the area. In both cases, in consequence of the facilities which they afford for the commission of crimes, particularly that of theft, they are respected by the devout Mahomedan as more sacred than ordinary houses; and I apprehend it is in allusion to this feeling that the son of Sirach expresses himself.'

'Although caravanserais are generally considered as having been erected at the public expense; yet different travellers mention, and I personally know the statement to be correct, that they are sometimes built as fountains are, for refreshing the traveller, and, from a principle of piety, endowed with certain lands to keep them in proper repair. There can indeed be no doubt that these resting-places, (for they differ from the khans, in furnishing refreshments as well as lodging,) were known in Judea during the time of our Lord, as he

supposes the Samaritan committed the wounded man to the care of a caravanserai, and promised at his return to pay for whatever his condition might require.'

At Grand Cairo, Mr. Wilson visited the well of Joseph, of which he gives the following description:—

'This well is dug in the rock to the depth of two hundred and eighty feet, and is forty-two in circumference. A winding staircase leads gradually to the bottom, where oxen are employed in turning the wheels, by which a constant supply of water is thrown up for the use of the citadel. The machinery resembles, in some degree, the chain-pumps of a British man-of-war. About six hundred earthen pitchers are attached, at certain distances, to ropes, those descending being inverted and empty, and the others ascending, upright and filled with water. The tomb of the vizier is shown in the side of the well at the bottom. A lamp is kept constantly burning over it. The staircase by which I descended into the well was about six feet in width, the rock having been left half a yard thick between the passage and the shaft of the well, by which means the steps of the stairs are supported, and holes are cut through to admit light from the shaft at convenient distances. The descent is easy, each step being six inches deep and five in breadth. Having reached the depth of one hundred and fifty feet, I entered a large chamber, which was also excavated, where the oxen are employed to move the machinery to raise the water from the lower parts of the well to the bottom of the upper part, from whence it is drawn by another set of these animals and wheels, to the top. The water is not considered, however, to be good; and a supply is brought by an aqueduct from the Nile, at Old Cairo, a short distance from the new metropolis.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

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*The Privileges of the University of Cambridge; together with additional Observations on its History, Antiquities, Literature, and Biography.* By GEORGE DYER, author of the History of the University and College of Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1824.

Few living authors have written so much and so well as George Dyer, a gentleman as amiable and as much esteemed in private life, as he is respected on account of his classical attainments, or his moral and political integrity. Numerous, however, as are the works of Mr. Dyer, they are all out of print, with the exception of the volumes before us, which are just published; and we learn by a postscript that he has been advised to reprint a complete edition of them in a uniform connected form. Such a measure would, we doubt not, add to his reputation: it would show how unremitting had been his industry, how amiable his character, how inflexible his principles. A collection of Mr. Dyer's miscellaneous works, scattered as they are, would certainly be valuable, and if he added the many

unpublished papers which he possesses, would form an acceptable addition to our literature. We would advise him, also, to write his memoirs; the recollections of such a veteran in literature, who has been the friend and associate of the most distinguished men of letters for more than half a century, would be highly interesting, particularly as the most implicit reliance might be placed on his veracity. But leaving Mr. Dyer to decide for himself what shall or shall not be his future occupations, let us turn to the elaborate production now before us.

To those who have read Mr. Dyer's accurate and excellent History of Cambridge, it will scarcely be necessary to say how intimately he is acquainted with every thing that relates to that University, and to such as possess the work already mentioned, any recommendation of the two volumes now published must be unnecessary, since they are 'part and parcel' of the same subject. This work has considerably outgrown the limits to which it was originally intended to confine it, and it has on this account, as well as from the care of the author, and some other active literary engagements, been delayed for some time. If, however, we are not mistaken, no person will say of Mr. Dyer's book, 'a welcome deed, but it comes too late,' since, in a work of this sort, to have it well done is better than to have it done quickly.

The first volume of Mr. Dyer's work contains an index to the three volumes of charters and other public instruments contained in the Great Register in the University chest; copies of charters, bulls, and other public instruments and documents relating to the University; all of which are valuable, and some not a little curious. Of the latter description, the following extract from certain articles of complaint exhibited by the town against the University, in 1521, may be considered:—

'George Foyster, late mayor of the town, was excommunicated by one Dr. Crooke, being the vicechancellor's deputy; and before he could be assayed again, was not only enjoined by the said doctor to hold a taper of wax in his hand, and kneeling openly in the Augustine Fryers Church before the image of our lady, there offered his said candle as a penitent; but also he was compelled and constreyn'd by the said Dr. Crooke and one Dr. Hall, to make a submission (which before they had concurred and devised in writing), commanding the said Foyster to say the same after them, the tenor of which submission hereafter followeth.'

'For the offence that I have committed against the University, in maintaining the jurisdiction of my mairealty against the liberties of the University, and refusing to come at the call of you, Mr. Vicechancellor, contrarie to mine othe, and mine obedience, in this behalfe, I acknowledge myself giltie, and desire of you absolution,' &c. As more plainly and at large may appear in a publick instrument thereupon made and hanged up in the common scholes of the

University, for a note and president to all straungers therethere comminge, in perpetuall reproach of the offyce of maireality of the said towne.'

This was exercising ecclesiastical authority with a vengeance;—nor is it the only instance, for in the year 1547 we find the Privy Council calling on the mayor to make a public apology for some offence against the proctor, in Sturbridge Fair. This offence appears to have been that of refusing to admit into the prison some persons ‘of naughty and corrupt behaviour,’ who had been taken at the fair by the proctors. From the statutes of the University it would appear that the discipline was not very correct two centuries ago, and that, if our collegians are followers of pleasure rather than learning, they are not more to blame than their predecessors in the olden time. A statute of the year 1607 has the following passage:—

‘Being found by experience, that there is too much practice grown of late years among scholars of this University (not heard of in former better times) in excessive drinking, foul drunckenes, and taking tobacco, in taverns and shops too commonly and immodestly frequented to the dishonour of God, the great scandal of the University at home and abroad, waste of expense, beside hurt of bodie and mind, and evil example from those that profess learning and sobriety. For redress hereof, it is by due deliberation decreed by Mr. V. Chan. and the heads of colleges, upon interpretation of a part of a statute *de modestia*, &c. as follows, viz. whatsoever scholar or student, or privileged person of this University, shall hereafter be convicted of excessive drinking, drunckenes, or making others drunk, especially in the night time, in tavern, inn, or victualling-house, or taking tobacco in such houses, taverns, or shops, of what condition or degree soever he be; if he shall be convicted before Mr. V. Chan. and the more part of the heads of colleges then at home, to be an offender in the premises, or any of them, shall by the consent above-said be banished the University, and be degraded, if he be a graduate; others, if they shall be found faulty in inferior degrees, shall incur, if they be graduates, to be degraded by Mr. V. Chan. for so long time as he shall think good; and also for one whole year to be stayed from taking their further degree at their time: if non-graduates, then to be made incapable for one whole year of their degree when their time cometh; and also enjoined by Mr. V. Chan. openly in the schooles to declaim against that abuse, if they be adulti: if not adulti, then to undergo correction by the rod in the schooles: and if any privileged person, then they to be discommuned by the authority aforesaid.’

We further learn, from the same document, that the students took tobacco in St. Mary’s Church, in the schools, in the halls of colleges, at comedies, public universities and assemblies, a proof of the delicacy and civilization of the collegians at the commencement of the seventeenth cen-

tury. Among the amusements prohibited in another statute of somewhat later date, are ‘bull-baitings, bear-baitings, common plays, public shows, interludes, comedies, and tragedies in the English tongue, games at loggets and nine holes, and all other sports and games whereby throngs, concourse, and multitudes are drawn together, and whereby the younger sort are or may be drawn or provoked to vain expense, loss of time, or corruption of manners.’

To the statutes Mr. Dyer adds a very able and elaborate dissertation on the privileges of the University, from which we shall make an extract relating to the papal authority over our universities in ancient times, an assumption which afterwards sunk in proportion as our kings resumed their regular rights:—

‘Time was when a pope’s bull could operate as a charm, or a horror, to all Europe, conferring privileges incalculably great, or inflicting punishment most dreadfully severe; sometimes, like a second Venus, giving peace and indulgence not less to universities, than to churches and states; and sometimes towards kings themselves, like the imaginary personages in Æschylus, binding Hercules himself to a rock.

‘Here, however, readers may be reminded of a favourite opinion with some, that a pope’s bull was essential to the foundation of an university, an idea that is countenanced by a bull in this volume, p. 71 (of which more in its proper place), and the allowed usage of the Roman pontiff: and I recollect, there was a memorable dispute between two learned bodies in Scotland, the University and King’s College, and the Mareschal College, Aberdeen. On perusing, at King’s College, some years ago, the pope’s bull, relating to its original foundation, it was suggested to me by a gentleman, that the Academia of the old town, having the sanction of a pope’s bull, was an university; but that the Mareschal, in the new, having no bull, could be only a college: and this seems to be the purport of a passage which occurs in the course of a dispute, where, after mention made of the Mareschal University, in the new town, it is added, “if it be a university.” Though this bull, of 1491, in favour of the old town, was preceded by the king’s request, nor was it erected into a city and university, with the proper privileges, till 1498, by King James IV. However, be these matters as they may, and without sifting too nicely into the language and opinions of those times, we see by the order of Edward III. introduced in the course of this volume, how these bulls were understood in England, in his time, when put in competition with the king’s constitutional and ancient claims.

‘More agreeable to English principles is an account subjoined to one of our chroniclers. Sir William Buck claims the title of university for the city of London, so describing it after divers ancient writers, and not figuratively, but literally, and in full force. Our four inns of court, with the

lesser inns, appertaining to the Court of Chancery, he designates as colleges, in the former of which lectures were delivered, and degrees conferred. Gresham College, too, no less than other more ancient schools and foundations, he calls, in like manner, colleges, their conformity to colleges, in discipline and rules, being more apparent formerly than now; “for seeing,” to use the writer’s own words, “that not only those arts which are called liberal, but also all, or the most part of all, other arts and sciences, proper and fit for ingenuous and liberal persons, were and are in this city professed, taught, and studied,” he thought the city of London (though its several colleges had not the common bond of a chancellor) was justly entitled to the name of a university, *cum privilegio regis*: and I have chosen to refer to this writer on account of his challenging the foundation of universities rather for kings than popes.

‘The imperial lawyers resolutely maintain, *Academiarum auctoritatem ab Imperatoribus esse concessam*, and it has been more particularly challenged for the University of Paris, that most ancient university, from which, judging from the similarity of its forms, discipline, and literature, as well as its officers and magistrates, some have concluded that Cambridge itself was derived. The best writers of their history give it a royal origin. They are proud of their Charlemagne. Even when they find it first dignified with a pope’s bull, confirming its privileges, it had previously existed, they say, as a university.

‘Monsieur Crevier correctly marks this distinction in regard to the University of Paris, a distinction which no less concerns those of Oxford and Cambridge: but though he resolutely maintains the honour of laying the foundation of the university to Charlemagne, in preference of Popes, it is under certain restrictions, that he brings out his conclusion, *Il resulte de tout ce que je viens de dire, que Charlemagne doit a juste titre etre regarde comme le premier pere et le premier auteur de l’Universite de Paris.—Hist. de Universite de Paris, tom. 7. p. 105.* Thus have the French been accustomed to trace their university to the very origin of their monarchy; and even those who do not give its foundation to Charlemagne, still claim for it a royal founder, Philippe Augustus, Louis le Jeune, or Louis le Gros.’

With regard to the term University, Mr. Dyer observes:—

‘Schools and Universities are different institutions, and the difference seems to lie in these particulars. Any one may raise or found a school: and this, according to the success of the teacher, and number of scholars, may flourish, or fade away; so that the school may die with the master, or his learning may, according to circumstances, travel with him from one place to another. A university, on the other hand, besides being a general studium, in reference to literature, as Dr. Caius explains it, has its settled endowments, its public laws, its distinct officers, and established

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magistrates, its regular degrees and privileges, its permanent rector or chancellor; combining, among us, together various smaller corporations, or colleges, in one larger corporation; and all,—dropping now the papal claims,—under the sanction of the royal authority.'

Intending to resume these volumes, from which we shall, we find, be able to extract much interesting matter, we will for the present say,—

(To be continued.)

*The Private Journal of Capt. G. F. Lyon, of H. M. S. Hecla, during a recent Voyage of Discovery under Capt. Parry.*

(Concluded from p. 215.)

LEAVING geography and hydrography, astronomy, and the other sciences, to Capt. Parry, Capt. Lyon takes the more amusing part of the subject, as will be seen by our previous extracts descriptive of the manners and peculiarities of the Eskimaux, of whom a few more anecdotes remain to be related. Humanity to dumb animals is an Eskimaux virtue—a circumstance which will endear them to that Smithfield reformer, the honourable member for Galway. Capt. Lyon says:—

'On the 16th, Captain Parry visited me with a fine team of dogs, which he had purchased from the Eskimaux; and much to the credit of their former masters, they stipulated, when selling them, that they should not be killed, as had been done in two instances by some of our people. In one of these cases, the man who bought the dog asked the native who sold it to assist him in skinning it when dead, and for that purpose put a knife into his hand; but the poor fellow, with a nobleness of feeling which I should not have supposed in his nature, threw it from him, and, without answering a word, walked away in contempt.'

In the second winter the crews did not bear the cold quite so well as the first, but Capt. Lyon, who had made the extraordinary and almost sudden change from the hottest to the coldest climate on the globe, suffered less than the rest. He says:—

'At our first quarters my clothing, with the exception of a thicker jacket, was the same as I had worn during the summer. I never exceeded one pair of thin worsted stockings, neither did I find it requisite, unless the weather was windy, to wear either a great coat or comforter when walking out. There were two or three others equally insensible to the cold as myself; but the change of climate had an effect on me, which I believe was not experienced by the rest, and which was, that the hair from my body regularly moulted, if I may be excused the expression, and was renewed two or three times; even in the summer following, and this second winter, the process still continued, although in a slighter degree. My health all this time was better than I had ever enjoyed for so long a period. But, to return to Igloolik. We all now felt the absolute necessity of putting on additional clothing; both while below, and when

walking out, coldness in the feet was, I believe, the most general complaint. The weather was certainly much more severe than at our last station, and the mean temperature of December was lower than at Melville Island. Our stove-funnels collected a quantity of ice within them, notwithstanding fires were kept up night and day, so that it was frequently requisite to take them down in order to break and melt the ice out of them, as it collected in the same form as the pulp of a cocoa-nut lies within its shell.'

Among the Eskimaux the principal labour devolves on the softer sex:—

'The women, besides making the clothes for themselves, their husbands, and children, have also to prepare the materials. The hunter conceives that he has done his duty in killing the animals whose skins are to be dressed, and therefore does not offer the slightest assistance in preparing them. Whenever his boots or dress become wet, the wife scrapes the water from them, rubs and supposes the leather, and dries them over the lamp. Should the boots, shoes, or gloves of parchment seal-skin become stiff by being laid aside for a time, they are then chewed until soft by the women and girls. In preparing skins, great part of the fat and oil is first sucked from them: they are then repeatedly scraped and rubbed between the hands, and in summer are stretched by pegs on the ground: in winter they are laced over a hoop, and exposed to the heat of the lamps. When deer-skins are prepared so as to resemble shamoy leather, the only preparation, after the usual scraping and drying, is by chewing, rubbing between the hands, and ultimately scrubbing with sand and urine: while damp, a second scraping is given, and on drying, the skin assumes a beautiful appearance.'

'The women prepare bird skins also by sucking and drying; they make whalebone pots, ivory ornaments, gear for bows, fishing lines, harness for dogs, &c. &c. They also have an ingenious method of making lamps and cooking-pots of flat slabs of stone, which they cement together by a composition of seal's blood applied warm, the vessel being held at the same time over the flame of a lamp, which dries the plaster to the hardness of a stone. Were I to attempt enumerating all the instances of ingenuity in these women, I should fail to express them properly, and shall therefore borrow the words of the accurate Crantz, who says, vol. i. p. 154, "The women perform the offices of butchers, cooks, tanners, sempstresses, tailors, and shoe-makers, furnished only with a crooked knife, in the shape of a crescent, several large and small needles, a thimble (of leather), and their own teeth, with which they stretch the leather in tanning and currying."

Of the Eskimaux dogs Capt. Lyon gives an interesting account, which he is well enabled to do, as he had a team of eleven fine animals:—

'The form of the Eskimaux dog is very similar to that of our shepherd's dogs in England, but he is more muscular and

broad-chested, owing to the constant and severe work to which he is brought up. His ears are pointed, and the aspect of the head is somewhat savage. In size a fine dog is about the height of the Newfoundland breed, but broad like a mastiff in every part, except the nose. The hair of the coat is, in summer as well as in winter, very long, but during the cold season, a soft downy under covering is found, which does not appear in warm weather. Young dogs are put into harness as soon as they can walk, and being tied up, soon acquire a habit of pulling, in their attempts to recover their liberty, or to roam in quest of their mothers. When about two months old, they are put into the sledge with the grown dogs, and sometimes eight or ten little ones are under the charge of some steady old animal, where, with frequent and sometimes cruel beatings, they soon receive a competent education. Every dog is distinguished by a particular name, and the angry repetition of it has an effect as instantaneous as an application of the whip, which instrument is of an immense length, having a lash of from eighteen to twenty-four feet, while the handle is of one foot only. With this, by throwing it on one side or the other of the leader, and repeating certain words, the animals are guided or stopped. Wah-aya, a-ya, whooa, to the right. A-wha, a-wha, a-whut, to the left. A-look, turn, and wooa, stop. When the sledge is stopped, they are all taught to lie down, by throwing the whip gently over their backs, and they will remain in this position even for hours, until their master returns to them.'

'Such of the natives as have not a sufficient number of dogs to draw a sledge are followed to the Maookpok by all which belong to them. A walrus is frequently drawn along by three or four of them, and seals are sometimes carried home in the same manner, though I have, in some instances, seen a dog bring home the greater part of a seal in panniers placed across his back. This mode of conveyance is often used in the summer, and dogs also carry skins or furniture overland to the sledges, when their masters are going on any expedition.'

'It might be supposed that in so cold a climate these animals had peculiar periods of gestation, like the wild creatures; but on the contrary, they bear young at every season of the year, and seldom exceed five at a litter. In December, with the thermometer 40° below zero, the females were, in several instances, in heat. Cold has very little effect on these animals, for although the dogs at the huts slept within the snow passages, mine at the ships had no shelter, but lay longside, with the thermometer at 42° and 44°, and with as little concern as if the weather had been mild.'

'I found, by several experiments, that three of my dogs could draw me on a sledge, weighing 100 lbs., at the rate of one mile in six minutes; and as a proof of the strength of a well-grown dog, my leader drew 196 lbs. singly, and to the same distance in eight minutes. Whoever has had the patience to read this account, will laugh

at my introducing my team so frequently in a professed account of Eskimaux dogs generally; but I can only offer as my excuse, the merits of my poor animals, with which I have often, with one or two persons besides myself, on the sledge, returned home from the Fury, a distance of near a mile, in pitchy darkness, and amidst clouds of snow drift, entirely under the care of those trusty servants, who, with their noses down to the snow, have galloped on board entirely directed by their sense of smelling. Had they erred, or been at all restive, no human means could have brought us on board until the return of clear weather.

'At another time, seven of my dogs ran a mile in four minutes and thirty seconds, drawing a heavy sledge full of men. I stopped to time them; but had I ridden they would have gone equally fast: in fact, I afterwards found that ten dogs took five minutes to go over the same space. Afterwards, in carrying stores to the Fury, one mile distant, nine dogs drew 1611 lbs. in the space of nine minutes! My sledge was on wooden runners, neither shod nor iced; had they been the latter, at least 40 lbs. might have been added for every dog.'

Hospitality, as well as humanity, is an Eskimaux virtue:—

'Of this virtue,' says Capt. Lyon, we had a most convincing proof in the treatment we received when, strangers wet and cold, we found shelter for a night in their tents, July 16th, 1822. On that occasion, both sexes gave up their clothes and bedding for our use, warning us, hauling our boat over the ice, and assisting us in every way, and in the kindest manner. The women in particular, though insufferably dirty, and covered with train oil, showed the greatest tenderness and solicitude for our comfort, though subsequently they were too apt to remind us, whenever they wanted any thing, of the shelter they had once afforded us. An Eskimaux is equally hospitable as an Arab, and whatever food he possesses is free to all who enter. He never eats with closed doors, but by his manner convinces his visitors that they are welcome. I have slept seven or eight times, without another European, in different huts; and invariably have met with the same attention: my property was respected by my hosts, even though begged by others; the best seat was assigned, and a portion of food offered me, while I was even thanked for accepting and eating it. As a proof that all this proceeded from motives of pure hospitality, if I the next day entered the hut, and asked even a bit of moss, I was required to pay for it, besides which every thing in my possession was begged of me.'

The Eskimaux have a great propensity to ramble; they are also generally honest, considering the strong temptations they have on the visit of strangers; they are, however, great beggars, and gratitude is not only rare, but absolutely unknown amongst them; they are good tempered, and appear incapable of revenge:—

'Courage, and that too in an eminent degree, must be allowed to a people who

dare to face the terrific Polar bear, and even to kill it in single combat, with only the assistance of their dogs. There is an independent fearless expression in the countenance and person of an Eskimaux, which is highly striking. The firm walk, erect head, and unbending eye, all denote a man who feels confident of himself. An insensibility of danger is acquired also in venturing amongst young or loose ice, which by a change of wind or unseen rupture, might carry them to certain starvation and death at sea. This very indifference has, however, been the means of many men having fallen through the ice, and some few women also, who have never risen again, and whose families have told the story of their fate.'

Of the marriages of the Eskimaux, and their estimation of the sex, Capt. Lyon gives a singular and a revolting picture:—

'It is a very general custom for parents to betroth their children in infancy, and this compact being understood, the parties, whenever they are inclined, and able to keep house, may begin living as man and wife. Thus it is that so many very young couples are seen, and that our arrival was the means of some marriages being made in consequence of the youthful bridegrooms being enriched by our presents of household and hunting furniture. The husband, though young, is still a manly person, and a good hunter; but the wife, in two or three instances, could not be above twelve or thirteen years of age, and to all appearance a mere child. Where previous engagements are not made, the men select wives amongst their relatives or connexions, paying but little regard to beauty of face; and as to person, that is equally out of the question. Young men naturally prefer youthful females; but the middle-aged will connect themselves with old widows, as being more skilled in household duties, and better able to take care of their mutual comforts. I cannot pretend to guess at what are the requisite qualifications of a woman in the eye of an Eskimaux, independent of her skill in housewifery. There is decidedly no ceremony by which married people are connected, and I am quite unable to distinguish in what a wife differs from a concubine, for there are some women in that situation, as both, for the time, receive the same title. I never, however, observed a woman living in this manner in the same family with an acknowledged wife. Bigamy is common, but I could hear of no instances of men having more than two wives; the greater portion, indeed, of those we knew had but one. Divorced women are frequent, but they soon, by marriage, or otherwise, form other connexions. Widows who have friends and good health fare equally well with those females who have husbands; but illness, or want of friends, seals their fate, and if they are unable by prostitution to support themselves, they are left to starve with their children. Cousins are allowed to marry, but a man will not wed two sisters. A son or daughter-in-law does not consider father or mother-in-law in the light of relations. The most extraordinary connexion

s that by adoption, for there are few families which have not one or two adopted sons, their proper progeny being in like manner adopted by others. A wealthy man will, in this manner, take fine stout youths under his protection, and is thereby insured of being supported in his old age, and having good assistance, while yet himself a hunter. This curious connexion binds the parties as firmly together as the ties of blood, and an adopted son, if senior to one by nature, is the heir to all the family riches. This exchange of children is frequently made between families already related or connected, and I am aware of but one instance of a girl being Tegoo-wa-gha, while her natural parents were alive.'

'The women are treated well, and rarely, if ever, beaten; are never compelled to work, and are always allowed an equal authority in household affairs with the men. Though a phlegmatic people, the Eskimaux may be said to treat them with fondness, and young couples are frequently seen rubbing noses, their favourite mark of affection, with an air of tenderness. Yet even those men and women who seem most fond of each other, have no scruples on the score of mutual infidelity, and the husband is willingly a pander to his own shame. A woman details her intrigues to her husband with the most perfect unconcern, and will also answer to any charge of the kind made before a numerous assemblage of people. Husbands prostitute wives, brothers sisters, and parents daughters, without showing the least signs of shame. It is considered extremely friendly for two men to exchange wives for a day or two, and the request is sometimes made by the women themselves. These extraordinary civilities, although known, are never talked of, and are contrived as secretly as possible.'

'Even the very early age of a female is not considered, either by herself or her wretched companions, who are all equally willing to assist in bringing her forward. In this deplorable state of morals and common decency, it is extraordinary that in general conversation not an immodest word or gesture can be detected; when men and women are mixed together, and in dancing or singing parties, the females have a seat apart, the conduct of both sexes being extremely decorous.'

Of their funeral customs our author gives the following account:—

'The dead are in most cases carried through the window, in preference to the door of a snow hut, which, after three days of mourning have expired, is forsaken, at least by the family of which the deceased had formed a part. The body is always decently dressed in its best clothes; and those who perform this office put on their gloves, and stop their nostrils with skin or hair. A man or two then drag the corpse along the ground to the place where it is to be buried, where it is then laid on its back. A sledge is never used on these occasions, and all the dogs are tied up; but they may afterwards go and disinter the body, and devour it uninterruptedly, it being only slightly

covered over with snow in winter, and in summer but little better sheltered by a few stones. It is customary to place weapons at the grave of a man; cooking-pots, beads, knives, &c. are in the same manner laid near that of a woman, and are never removed. It is extraordinary, that with this apparent attention, the Eskimaux are quite regardless of the body when it has once been covered; and the nearest relations will not cover it again, even if they see that the dogs have dug up and are devouring it: this we have known to be actually the case.

'It was long before I learnt that there was a rule for laying the bodies of the dead, according to their age. Infants have their feet placed towards the rising sun, or east; half-grown children, south-east; men and women in their prime, with their feet to the meridian sun; middle-aged persons, to the south-west; and very old people, the reverse of children, or west.'

'The survivors visit the graves, at least some few have been observed to do so, and talk with the deceased, who they suppose listens attentively to all that is said. The usual way is to walk round the grave in the direction of the sun, and to chant forth inquiries as to the welfare of the departed soul; whether it has reached Aad-lee, or the land of spirits? if it has plenty of food, &c. &c.; at each question stopping at the head of the grave, and repeating Man-nuk-le-roo, Tee-wug-loo-maan (slowly spoken) —Ay-putt-pa-ghit? Ay-putt-pa-ghit? (very rapidly spoken).'

The Eskimaux believe in a future state, but have no kind of religious worship; and the only thing approaching to it, that our voyagers observed, was, that once or twice, when the natives slept in any number in Capt. Lyon's cabin, and frequently when he passed the night in their huts, one of the senior men no sooner awoke in the morning than he commenced a low monotonous song while he lay in bed. Thus it will be seen that this rude and uncultivated race possess many of the virtues of civilization, and few of the vices of savage life: and as furnishing us with many curious and highly interesting traits of a people of whom so little is known, Capt. Lyon's work is very valuable.

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*Best Intentions; or, Reflections and Thoughts for Youth, Maturity, and Age.*  
12mo. pp. 240. London, 1824.

We no sooner took up this book than we determined on a pun, but, on reading the preface, found ourselves anticipated by the author, who assures us that his work is sent forth to the world with the *Best Intentions*. The volume, which is very well got up, and does much credit to the taste of Mr. Boys, consists of thoughts, which have at various times occurred to the author, on a great diversity of subjects. A strong moral or religious feeling characterises the whole; the reflections of the author are those of an amiable and sensible mind, and are what they are intended to be, reflections and thoughts for youth, maturity, and age, which all these classes may read with plea-

sure and advantage. The thoughts are clothed in correct, often forcible and generally elegant, language, and, as such, may instruct the mind while they amend the heart. With these remarks we close our criticism, and give a few extracts taken at random, from the three hundred and thirty articles of which the volume consists, by way of exemplification:—

'*Gaming.*—Gaming is one of the most pernicious practices, and yet few are more enticing and bewitching; a man gains, he gains more, and he looks forward to the absolute possession of immense wealth; he calculates of certainty on the foundation of deceit, and because he has gained once, and yet a second time, he thinks himself secure in the favouritism of Fortune. Now he loses once, but fascination whispers it is but once: he still loses, the storm gathers round its victim, and he is still unconscious of his danger; he now risks all his possession, and his possession is in an instant flown from the power of his grasp; he loses every thing—he is in absolute misery and disquietude; he sinks into nothing, he is lost, his spirits fail, his fortune is vanished, his fond expectations of immense wealth are passed like a dream, and now he is penniless. Still he retains that curse of habitual propensity to this sad delusion; he scrapes from every corner the pittance of his goods, and them also he sacrifices at the shrine of the uncertain idol,—he becomes in actual want, and dies with the most agonised feelings of regret for his past folly.'

'*Life.*—In what a state of uncertainty and indecision we exist! We rise in the morning, we lay our plans for the ensuing day, and almost see them, in imagination, completed before they are commenced—sometimes a straw intervenes and changes the course of the whole stream—unexpected circumstances arise, and our opinions and ideas experience a change; our hopes fluctuate; at one time every prospect brightens—at another, all the sky is obscured with portentous clouds, and perhaps each of these in some degree produces, and is the necessary though unseen consequence of the other,—so limited is our foresight—so capricious our wills—so full of waywardness our inclinations—and so little are we acquainted with what the goodness and power of God shall ordain to happen. There is only one point to which we should always tend—the glory of God and our inheritance hereafter; there is only one path to that point—other matters require our attention at stated periods, and deservedly so, for "he that will not work, neither should he eat;" but all these things, if we consult our truest comfort and bliss, will be subservient to the one thing needful—Is not this the principal thing? whatever external circumstances may produce, attention to this grand end of life should never fail, for peace is its reward.'

'*Death.*—Dead!—what is it? what is the meaning of that one short word? whether does the consequence of it extend, from what point does its importance begin? in what consists its powerful appeal? We

say, "He is dead;" and now his body, which but a moment since, animated by the soul, possessed all the sensitiveness of human nature, felt all its wants, was endowed with all its faculties, was alive to joy and sorrow, to pleasure and to pain, is but a few particles of dust, shaped in wonder, but fast resuming their native appearance—but where is the soul which so lately tenanted this mouldering frame of earth? The instant that made the proclamation of death, truth, separated it from the clay, and it entered into the regions of eternity; that instant finally determined the period of its probation, according to the employment of which shall be the sentence of—"Come, ye beloved of my father," or "Depart from me, ye cursed," which, at the great and glorious day of the Lord, shall be pronounced on every soul created, from Adam to the last-born child of earth. What mortal being then, though his imagination be stretched to the utmost pitch, even as a tight-drawn cord that is ready to burst asunder with its extension, can conceive the thousandth part of the importance attached to that moment, when we say "He is dead." Every thought, every wandering imagination, every false and unwary conception, every action, every word, every look, motive, and intention, bear upon this point; all that has gone before is centered here; this is the barrier which all must pass, this is the spot where the roads divide; some pass to the right, others to the left, never, never more to return. Its consequence is certainly infinite, its commencement frequently is sudden, we all know thus far; we all know that every one of us has an individual interest in obtaining the favour and avoiding the justly-merited displeasure of heaven; we all know that we have some talent given to us,—one may have his allotment ten, another five, and another one, but all have a portion; and we farther know, at least all that are Christians do, that whether it be little or much, if it be only used with our best endeavours to its right application, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord, a willing, honest, and faithful heart will be received in lieu of perfection; a humble and contrite spirit God will not despise. Do what we will, plan and execute, build and pull down, raise and lay low, exalt the mind through the gospel to Heaven, or by its sacrifice at the shrine of worldly temptation tread it down below the level of a brute, do we our duty to our best, or do it not, still all are hastening to the grave, and by our succeeding generations it will soon be said of us now living, of each of us, *he is dead*.

'*Idleness.*—Idleness is a two-fold sin; it not only destroys time and prevents proper employment, but is the most certain method of receiving easily the suggestions of that wicked spirit who watches every opportunity when the mind is vacant to endeavour to instil into the heart thoughts subservient to the world, and which render the soul more liable to eternal perdition; if through the malicious subtlety of Satan these thoughts do enter, it is decidedly best, at

the same time that we repent our negligence has suffered them, not to entertain the recollection of them.'

Such are a few of the reflections of this moral and amiable writer, whose works we heartily recommend to our readers.

*Poems on Sacred Subjects. To which are added, Several Miscellaneous [Poems].* By RICHARD RYAN. 12mo. pp. 93. London, 1824.

MR. RYAN, of whom we have before made honourable mention, feeling assured that nothing is so durably impressed upon the memory as poetry, is anxious to render his muse subservient to the purposes of virtue. To fail in such a cause would not be discreditable, while to succeed would be praise enough for any reasonable man. The first part of Mr. Ryan's work is devoted entirely to sacred subjects, and consists of a series of poems on Scripture passages, or events, many of which are versified with considerable skill, ease, and elegance, not unfrequently mixed with a degree of ruggedness, which seems quite incompatible with the general good taste the author displays. To the religious poems are added others of a miscellaneous but moral character, some of which are certainly pretty. Two of these pieces we shall select:—

'THE SEASONS; A HYMN.

'Oft have I seen the laughing Spring  
Shed her rich blessings o'er the Earth,  
While, born beneath her fragrant wing,  
Sprung Beauty forth, and Love and Mirth.  
  
'But Spring soon fled, and Summer then  
Her genial heats diffus'd around,  
And Nature's wildest roughest glen  
Was by her hand with verdure crown'd.  
  
Sweet Summer, too, alas! was doom'd  
To quit the rich and smiling plain;  
For while in fruitfulness she bloom'd,  
Autumn began her glorious reign.  
  
'But Autumn's sun soon ceas'd to burn,  
And clouds, which roll'd athwart the sky,  
Declar'd that Winter and his urn  
In viewless icy car was nigh.  
  
'When Winter came, the gorgeous sun  
Turn'd pale, and seem'd to wait his doom,  
And all that late so radiant shone,  
Now sunk in Winter's joyless tomb.  
  
'Thus blooming is Life's early spring;  
For Nature on each path bath shed  
Her smiles, and Pleasure seeks to fling  
Her garlands round each youthful head.  
  
'My spring has fled, and summer now  
Rich o'er my youthful cheeks doth breathe,  
And soon to deck this gladsome brow,  
Autumn her holiest sweets will wreath.  
  
'Yet, ere dim Winter's gloomy birth,  
Or Age destroy this cheek of bloom,  
Oh! I may press my mother Earth,  
And quit this vain world for the tomb.  
  
'Then, let me, Lord, at whose command,  
Summer and Spring and Winter roll,  
Praise, while I've life, th' Almighty hand  
That spans the world from pole to pole.  
  
'At morning's light, Lord of all space,—  
I'll praise Thee; and at close of even;  
Then lend me, Lord, some ray of grace,  
To light my trembling steps to Heav'n.'

'THE WANDERER'S LAMENT.

'O'er Erin's lofty mountain  
I saw the splendid sun arise,  
And gild each vale and fountain  
That sparkled in the sunny dyes.  
But ah! no beam, whose splendour  
Illum'd the wood or waters' foam,  
Could yield a ray so tender,  
As when I saw it o'er my home.  
  
'I watch'd the moonlight trembling  
O'er every hill and valley fair,—  
'Twas sweet, but not resembling  
The lustres that I've gaz'd on there.  
I saw each star arising,  
As oft at midnight's hour I'd roam;  
But none, whose calm uprising  
Was priz'd as that that's o'er my home.  
  
'The birds that seek the bowers,  
When Flora decks the dewy plain,  
Rove on their destin'd hours,  
And seek their native homes again:  
But I, though sorrows sting me,  
And shadows cross where'er I roam,  
No wing shall find to bring me  
Once more to fields of youth and home.'

*An Exposure of the Fallacy of the Hamiltonian System.* By JOHN HOOVER HARTNOLL. 8vo. pp. 33. London, 1824.

ENEMIES as we are to every species of quackery, we could laugh at rather than despise an ingenious impostor; such, however, is not Mr. Hamilton—for of his system of teaching language, as he calls it, the little that is good is not new, and what is new is not good. He comes last we believe from the land of wooden nutmegs, and pretends—impudently pretends—to teach the French language perfectly in forty-eight hours; or ten thousand words in ten hours. This is a match against time with a vengeance, and outdoes Prince Hohenlohe in the best of his miracles; indeed, Mr. Hamilton considers his system a miracle.

Believing, as Johnson said of Macpherson's Ossian, that Mr. Hamilton's system was an imposture, we were not very anxious to appear even among the dupes he drew together at his lectures; Mr. Hartnoll, however, the author of the pamphlet before us ventured to brave the ridicule of gullibility that might attach to his auditors, and actually repaired to the London Tavern, to hear this transatlantic oracle. He found him a bustling self-important personage—very sparing of every thing like talent, and very unsparing in his attacks on our academic institutions. After expatiating very largely on his merits and the demerits of others, he proceeded to develop his plan, and give a lesson at the rate of a thousand words an hour. 'At the expiration of the lesson, which lasted above half an hour, instead of having taught five hundred words, he had only read and caused to be repeated the diminutive number of forty.'

At a subsequent lecture at the Green Man, Blackheath, Mr. Hartnoll, who had attempted to undeceive Mr. Hamilton's auditors at the London Tavern, again attended, when a Mr. Corney attacked Mr. Hamilton's system, charging him, '1st. With

holding forth deceptive promises as to the acquisition of languages. 2ndly. With gross injustice towards those engaged in the instruction of youth. And 3rdly. With having but a superficial knowledge of the principles of composition.' What defence Mr. Hamilton made does not appear; but, in order to guard against such interruptions at his next lecture at the London Tavern, Mr. Hamilton provided?—what!—a refutation of the objections to his system?—No; the police! As Mr. Hartnoll had no opportunity of unmasking Mr. Hamilton's system in public, he appeals to the press, and in a very clever pamphlet has so handled Mr. Hamilton and his system, as to render it very necessary that that gentleman should make some reply before he can reasonably calculate on insuring public opinion in favour of his system, which Mr. Hartnoll contends is neither new, good, or successful; and he challenges Mr. Hamilton to the proof.

*A Dictionary of Quotations from the British Poets. In three Parts. Part the Second; Blank Verse. By the Author of the Peerage and Baronetage Chart, &c. 12mo. pp. 355. London, 1824.*

The first part of this work, which consisted of quotations from Shakspeare, has already been favourably noticed in *The Literary Chronicle*. The indexes of Ayscough and Twiss, with the several collections of the beauties of the great bard, had rendered it a task of no great difficulty, though one that certainly required taste. The volume before us is, however, one of great labour, combining as it does the choicest and most apposite extracts on some hundreds of subjects, from the best English writers, in blank verse, ancient or modern, including some of the finest passages from Lord Byron's poems. The selection is made with great judgment, and the work not only forms a very agreeable lounge-book, but may be considered as the literary man's vade-mecum.

ORIGINAL.

LETTER FROM THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

'A chield's amang you taking notes,  
And faith, he'll prent it.'—BURNS.

SIR,—Do not ask me how I chanced on the following document:—not that, if you were inquisitive, I am not prepared to account satisfactorily for it, but I hate telling an old story; and you know very well that every possible means of lighting upon any possible MS. has been so repeatedly doled forth on so many occasions that the nude truth itself would appear stale. Therefore I shall not now delay to give it you—you must be content to take it as it is, without hearing how his majesty flung it from Osborn's window (by mistake, I

suppose), wrapped round a crown-piece designed for the managers of that notable and classical entertainment, the Fantoccini,—how they flung it away carelessly, after extracting the tangible contents,—how my cheesemonger's wastepapermonger's boy picked it up,—how it came to me round half a pound of old Cheshire,—and how puzzled I was to make it out, for it was originally indited in his majesty's native language,—and how I traced it to the fountain head,—and what ado I had to get it done into English, and *all the rest of it*. I will not tell you a word of this, but let you see the thing yourself, because I am resolved to show that I am not what the neighbours call me—a

## GOSSIP.

## THE LETTER.

*Tamehamehoe, otherwise Rihoo Rihoo, King of the Sandwich Islands, to his good servant at Wahoo, the deputed governor.*

THE mighty one has guided us safe over the great water into the land of the whites—

We have yet done nothing as \* \* \* \* \* came over with, but \* \* \* soon, and look to prosper:—

How do our subjects like of our absence? Before I give you any intelligence of this strange and ingenious but barbarous people, I have some orders to make; see them speedily fulfilled: Rimeho I observed laughing when I first habited myself in European costume; I had not then, in the hurry of my departure, time to see justice done upon him, but do thou presently have him seized and burned by a slow fire, as a warning to those who heed not the ceremony of courts. Also, if the complaint of scarcity still continue to reach thine ear, let the towns be numbered, and every ninth person slain, and every child that is born, male or female, let it be destroyed, until plenty and happiness are again established. Shrink not, but fulfil the council I give thee.

I am here in the great city of the English. We have taken up our abode in a very splendid palace, in a place called the Adelphi. The chieftain who owns it is named Osborn. While the queen is playing at whist, and smoking a segar, I shall tell you all I have seen of this extraordinary people, during the few days which I have spent among them.

We were obliged to exchange all our foreign coin and provide ourselves with that which is current here. It is of three different metals, gold, silver, and copper. On every one of these is a man's head stamped, a king's, as I have

been told. What the reason of this is, no one could inform me; but I apprehend I can divine it, notwithstanding their secrecy. A great many years since the people of this kingdom had the audacity to cut off the head of their king, for some political offence, and I suppose, this custom is intended as a memorial of the deed, and a warning to all succeeding sovereigns. What quiet easy princes must they be to endure all this! But it is a trifle to the insolence which is daily offered to the reigning monarch. These people talk of him as if he were no more than a man like one of themselves! They have a custom here, which perhaps you may have heard of before: they give out each day upon white leaves the occurrences of that preceding, accompanied by gratuitous observations, which sometimes extend to the conduct and political movements of their own governors; and those they have frequently the hardihood to arraign! I have seen one, which, though to be sure in a kind of garbled fashion, went round about to the conclusion that their king was little better than he should be, and his advisers worse. I tell thee, friend, how I would demean myself towards such meddlers, if any like them stole in among our subjects of Wahoo, and I intend to give this poor patient monarch a hint of it, when I stand before him (which I have not yet done), for indeed he seems to lack invention much: I would have the most prominent taken forth and consumed, in one of the public ways, with his own white leaves; if the English George would only try this once, I think it would be the last time.

The dresses of those English savages are the most whimsical and extravagant you can imagine. The dresses I wear, and which you have seen on those who visit us at our islands, though perfectly barbarous in themselves, are nothing whatever to compare with those which they assume in their own country, where their wildness is not restrained by the dread of ridicule. It seems to be their entire object to deprive themselves of every natural power they possess for the enjoyment of that liberty which is their boast; every limb has its peculiar manacle, and in proportion as they are disabled from exertion, they approach nearer to the perfection of appearance. Would you imagine that even their warriors seem to take a pride in thus crippling themselves. Perhaps, as the European method of battle requires no more from the combatant but that he stand his ground, this is a precautionary

measure on the part of their leaders; but if so, they ought not to make such a display of it.

The town is at present highly interested about an affair which took place lately: a soldier has had the audacity to challenge to single combat and fight with his own chieftain. When this happens, it never is the intention of either party that blood shall be shed. I believe there is no instance related of a man's losing his life in single combat; but when two people disagree, there is no other method of becoming reconciled but by meeting and firing off a shot each, at one another, and they then become as good friends as ever. What an absurd idea! But in this case they separated, it seems, no better than they met: the presumptuous slave was slightly punished for his insolence, by a dismissal from his office in the army of his king, but I could scarcely credit my senses when I was told that the chieftain was reproved for firing at him. I wish I had him at Wahoo.

Notwithstanding all the pains which they are at to find new modes of improving the work of nature in their own persons, few of them seem to have any idea of real grace; I have not seen a single tattooed face since I came: how horrible a man looks who has not the tip of his tongue stained, whose nose is not distended, and whose face is one raw prospect of unmeaning red and white!

Their favourite entertainment here, for I believe no people in the universe have greater variety, is what they call the theatre. I have not gone to them yet, as it is my purpose to do, in form; but I stole a visit to one a few nights since, accompanied by one of the lords of the palace where I dwell. I found myself among a very large assembly, who were very pleasant and very noisy, and before a great green curtain, which I was told concealed the exhibition from our eyes. Presently a bell rung, and music played, and the great curtain rose of itself; then two people came on, and began to talk to one another (but I could not understand what their discourse was), and then another to them, and then a lady, very richly dressed, and at the end of every speech the people about me made a great noise by slapping their hands together very hard; then the whole appearance of the place changed, and one man came forward alone, but the people seemed to be in a great passion against him, for they slapped their hands for a long time, and would not let him speak; at last, how-

ever, he did so, and I felt very sorry that I did not know what he had to say for himself. I soon grew weary of listening, and I fell fast asleep on my seat, so that I lost a great part of the show; but, after some time, I was startled from my rest by a noise like thunder; I looked about and I found that some bad work had been going on in the mean time. The stage was almost filled with people. The man whom I spoke of last was at one side, and the lady with the handsome dress at the other: she had done something that had vexed him very sore, for he roared at her terribly, and I verily believe would have killed her if it were not for the guards who held him; nevertheless, she did not seem a whit afraid, but gave him word for word with great spirit. What surprised me was to see those around seemed to take a pleasure in the affair, encouraging them by shouts and slapping hands, and the more he roared the more they slapped, until I thought they were all in earnest together. I asked a man who sat next me what was the matter, but he smiled and looked another way, and my attendant whispered me that this was one of the greatest performers they have. For my part, by far the cleverest I have yet seen, were some who exhibited before my own windows: they are called Ramo Samee and Black Billy.

Health and salutation, and farewell! I have seen but little of this people yet; when I know more, I shall give a more extended and satisfactory account of them. The great spirit in whose hands all happiness and woe is deposited shelter you from the one, and pour on you an abundance of the other.

THE DEATH OF THE OPIUM-EATER. It is with feelings of unutterable horror and dismay, that we have to record the untimely death of a most amiable man and ingenious writer—one equally well versed in sentiment and mathematics, metaphysics and political economy—Mr. D. Q.—, the Opium-Eater. Scarcely had we recovered somewhat from the shock occasioned by the double loss of Lord Byron, and his piquant memoirs,\* when the intelli-

\* The possession of the latter might otherwise have consoled many persons for the loss of their author. For that they would have been vastly piquant there cannot be the least doubt; else they would not have been worth burning. But, if his lordship's friends judged it most prudent to consign the work to such a fate, what kind of opinion would the public in general have entertained of it. However discreet the suppression of the manuscript may have been in one point of view, the suppression itself seems to carry with it a severe imputation on the noble author.

gence reached us, that this gentleman had fallen a victim, not to his excessive indulgence in his favourite drug, but to his own indiscreet temerity, in causelessly exciting the vindictive passions of the softer sex. Greatly as we deplore the awful catastrophe which has befallen him, we still deem it our duty to censure the blind violence with which he absolutely provoked his fate. Unhappy man! had we, like the Lord Chancellor, tears at command, how gladly would we weep over his sad fate, even while we reprobated the folly that courted it! but, alas! *non omnibus omnia*—we have not the gift of tears: we cannot weep on paper, like some of our more fortunate brethren. Let us, therefore, be more temperate in our pathos—and more circumstantial in our account of this lamentable event;—or, rather, we will entreat the reader to consider the preceding as unsaid; and availing ourselves of what artists term a *pentimento*, we shall entirely re-mould our article, and give it in a different form:—*Allons*, then.

We have to lay before our readers an awful instance of the insufficiency of talents and learning to their possessor, when unaccompanied by the less splendid, but infinitely more useful qualities, of prudence and common sense.\* In the last number of the London Magazine, Mr. D. Q.—, the Opium-Eater, most rashly gave to the world a vile heretical opinion of his own—produced, no doubt, by the fumes of that deleterious drug in which he has so notoriously indulged—upsetting all our comfortable theories, and basely and most ungallantly insulting the fair sex. This malicious writer—but no—we will not abuse the dead—*de mortuis, &c.*—the ill-fated man has already paid the forfeit due to his rashness and his insolence. Mr. D. Q.— had the temerity to publish, among much other libellous matter, the following paragraph, which we are sure no one will be able to peruse without the utmost indignation:—

\* In mathematics there exist works composed by women, to reprieve which from destruction men would be glad to pay something or other (let us not ask too curiously how

\* We could here make a multitude of fine reflections on the inanity of splendid mental endowments, and prove, in the most satisfactory manner, to all who possess them not, how greatly they ought to congratulate themselves on being exempt from such delusive and dangerous gifts; but we intend to oblige our readers doubly,—not only by what we give them, but by what we withhold from them. Did they but know the extent of our favours in the latter way, how great would be their gratitude!

much): but what poem is there, in any language (always excepting those of our own) which any man would give a shilling to save? Would he give a shilling? If he would, I should suspect the shilling exceedingly, and would advise a rigorous inquiry into its character. I set aside Sappho, and a few other female lyric poets; for we have not sufficient samples of their poetry: and for modern literature, I set aside the writers of short poems, that take no sweep and compass, such as *Lady Winchelsea*, *Madame Deshonlières*, &c. &c. But I ask with respect to poems solemnly planned, such as *keep the post on the wing*, and oblige him to sustain his flight for a reasonable space and variety of course, where is there one of any great excellence which owes its existence to a woman? I ask if any man who suffers his understanding to slumber so deeply, and to benefit so little by his experience, as to allow credit to the doctrine that women have the advantage of men in imagination; I ask him this startling question, which must surely make him leap up from his dream. What work of imagination, owing its birth to a woman, can he lay his hand on (—I am a reasonable man, and do not ask for a hundred or a score, but will be content with one), which has exerted any memorable influence, such as history would notice, upon the mind of man?

This is, we really think, bad enough; but this is little compared to what follows:—

\* No, no, good women: it is sufficient honour for you that you produce us, the men of this planet, who produce the books (the good ones, I mean). In some sense, therefore, you are grandmothers to all the intellectual excellence that does or will exist; and let that content you. As to poetry in its highest form, I never yet knew a woman, nor will believe that any has existed, who could rise to an entire sympathy with what is most excellent in that art.

Here, indeed, we have the cruellest and most insulting stab of all.—In some sense, therefore, you are grandmothers, &c. Heavens! were there no thunders left to punish such atrocious, wanton, inhuman sporting with the feelings of the tender sex?—no red right arm to chastise such unheard-of audacity? Yes, there was one, a female one, too—*lux fæmina facti*—that felled the base libeller to the earth, and asserted the rights of her sex. Within a few hours after this cruel libel had been published, a solemn conclave was held of all the blues, the azure-eyed and azure-footed daughters of Minerva. From all that has hitherto transpired on that occasion, it appears, that long, and deep, and solemn, was the debate, on this most momentous occasion. The culprit was instantly summoned, and obliged forthwith to attend; which he did, it appears, with the utmost trepidation. On his entering the court, Miss B—,

Mrs. H—s, and some other votaries of Melpomene, asked him indignantly, what he meant by the sneering question of, 'Where is Mrs. Shakspeare?' and immediately gave him his choice of either the bowl or the dagger. How the pale conscience-smitten dastard looked, we cannot tell, seeing that we were not there: we can well *imagine* his confusion. Some few ladies, more tender-hearted than the rest, would have interceded for the delinquent, but, alas! in vain; for, even while they were attempting to mitigate the sentence about to be passed on him, Lady M—, impatient of all delay, snatched up two of her own good quarto volumes of *imagination* and romance; and, in the next instant, he was stretched a corpse at her feet. Well! poor D-Q—! thy crime was great—most great: no one can for an instant pretend to defend thee: but dearly, indeed, hast thou atoned for it. Adieu! now, to all thy pleasant dreams, and thy no less pleasant paradoxes—to thy love of German and mysticism.

Since the above was printed, and just as we were going to press, we have learnt that Mr. D-Q— is not actually dead, and that there are still some faint hopes of his recovery. We sincerely hope that such may prove to be the case; and that what he has suffered may teach him that the better part of wit, as well as of valour, is discretion. May he, therefore, in future, abstain from handling all such delicate and ticklish subjects as the imagination or imaginative powers of the fair sex.

#### The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. IV.

NEVER, Mr. Editor, was my ubiquity put to so severe a test as it has been during the last week or ten days. It is allowed that a Scotchman has second sight, and that an Irish bird may be in two places at once; but this is nothing to what I can do, and have done. Only take one day as a specimen, and then *et uno discere omnes*. On Wednesday I was assisting Mr. Graham in the preparations for his aerial excursion from White Conduit House. I heard the whole trial of ex-sheriff Parkins against Mr. Cobbett, in the Court of Common Pleas, in order to recover forty guineas for a horse he had sold (Cobbett says lent) the latter. Mr. Sergeant Pell expressed surprise that this horse, which seemed destined to break the neck of every other person, should carry the ex-sheriff safe; surely the learned sergeant

has never heard the old proverb, that men born to one destiny cannot incur another, or never thought for a moment that, if the horse had killed the ex-sheriff, his great services would have been lost to the world. I was at the House of Commons in order to hear the adjourned discussion on the subject of Mr. Smith, the missionary at Demerara—but lo! just as the debate was on the point of commencing, a waggish member drew the attention of the house to metal more attractive; and the cause of negro slavery and missionary exertions was abandoned for a sight of Mr. Graham's balloon, which at that time sailed aloft—

'Like a pyramid of fire,  
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
Environ'd, wing'd its way.'

In sober prose, the *ruse* of the balloon thinned the house below the required number of members (forty), and the debate stood over, to the great grief and disappointment of all those who had paid their half-crowns and waited four hours in the gallery.

I dropped into the Freemason's Tavern to take a glass of sherry and a biscuit with mine host Cuff, and found that the sixth anniversary dinner of the Society for Enlarging and Building Churches and Chapels was to take place on that day. I did not stay to dine, though much pressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was to take the chair. I however got a sight of the report, by which I find that in the churches and chapels that have been built and enlarged by the society, there are free and unappropriated seats for 69,295 persons. I suggested to his grace, whether the word *unoccupied* should not be substituted for unappropriated; the primate of all England smiled, and I took my leave for Epsom Races, where a very remarkable circumstance occurred. I do not allude to young Buckle and his horse being almost squeezed to death, but to the unparalleled circumstance, that the reporters of nearly all the morning papers had their pockets picked, an event which is thus recorded in their respective journals of Thursday:—'The light-fingered gentry were on the alert, and several trifling pilfering transactions took place, amongst which our reporter lost his pocket-book, containing his notes.' There are two things remarkable in this 'round unvarnished tale'; first, that any pickpocket should risk an excursion to Botany Bay, for the contents of a reporter's pocket; and, secondly, that the pocket should con-

tain notes:—be not, however, surprised, gentle reader—they were only 'notes on the different races.' We are aware that the editors of newspapers, in unison, regret the continued indisposition of Mr. A. or rejoice at the convalescence of Mr. B.; but that their reporters should be robbed in chorus is a miracle indeed.

It is really surprising the perfection to which newspapering is brought in London, and the attention that is paid to commerce in this 'nation of shopkeepers,' as Bonaparte called us. Will you believe that The Morning Chronicle gives the current price of shrimps, cockles, crabs, wilks, and winkles, at Billingsgate Market, and notices their fluctuations every day, with as much precision as the rise and fall of stocks. The report is said to be furnished by a mussulman (*Muscleman*) on the establishment, and preparations are making for exhibiting a list of the variation in the prices every hour, at the office in the Strand, as the stockbrokers do those of the public funds.

Talking of newspapers, Mr. Editor—did you see the Observer of last Sunday. You are aware that Mr. Harris, an unskilful aeronaut, was killed in his balloon on Tuesday, the 25th inst. Judge, then, my surprise, when in The Observer of the 30th, I read the following paragraph—'Mr. Harris, we understand, should he succeed in preserving the balloon, intends making another ascent from the Bedford Arms Gardens, Camden Town, on Tuesday next.' I always understood that dead men tell no tales; but here I find a man, killed on Tuesday, announcing his intention of making a new adventure in the following week.

Do not think, gentle reader, I am inattentive to ballooning: on the contrary, I witnessed both the ascent of Mr. Harris, with Miss Stocks, and that of Mr. Graham and his wife, on Wednesday; but, as I intend to take a trip of this sort myself very shortly, I shall reserve any remarks I have to make for the journal of my voyage, which I will forward to you 'exclusively,' as the newspapers have it. I had, however, written an article on Mr. Harris's ascent, and exhausted all the jokes that could be made on the rapid rise of Stocks, the punishment of Stocks, &c. when the news of his death reached me, and turned my mirth to melancholy.

I thought this ballooning by ladies was a new mania in England; but Major Longbow, whose veracity is, as you know, unimpeachable, assures me,

that he and Mrs. Longbow made an aerial excursion some years ago, in order to gratify his wife at a certain period when ladies' wishes are not always the most rational; and that, during the descent, he became father of a chopping boy, now serving in the Rocket brigade, who claims the isle of *Sky* as his native parish.

I have been at a few sales during the last fortnight, particularly that of the library of Bloomfield, author of the 'Farmer's Boy,' at Shefford, in Bedfordshire. The original MS. of this poem, in the author's own hand-writing, or 'actual orthography,' as the stupid auctioneer called the *autographs*, sold for 14l.; the Rural Tales, also in his hand-writing, 4l.; and The Wild Flowers, 3l. 10s. The auctioneer, who appeared to be consummately ignorant, played the very d—l with the titles of the books, scarcely one of which he pronounced rightly, except Brown's *Vulgar Errors*. Wherever he met with a book in octavo, he said it was in eight volumes, and when he came to one in 12mo. he said, there were originally twelve more, but that there was now only so many left, counting the volumes.

On my return to town, I called at Evans's auction rooms, just to take a peep at those wise men of the west 'who buy books and read newspapers,' and there found the Archbishop of Canterbury bidding—not good day to the auctioneer, like the Irishman,—but bidding for an incomplete New Testament, which his grace procured for the moderate sum of 140l.\*

My good friends from Wahoo have been to the theatre; and, on Monday night, the royal box at Covent Garden was graced with the majesty and court of the Sandwich Islands. I had met them on the Friday evening previous, at Gloucester Lodge, where Mr. Canning gave a splendid entertainment in their honour, to two hundred persons of distinction. As Rihoo Rihoo and his royal consort are early risers, they also

\* Erasmus's far-famed Greek Testament on vellum, printed at Basil, in 1519, in which edition Erasmus omitted the celebrated verse in St. John's Epistles, respecting the three heavenly witnesses. Sir M Sykes bought this book in Holland for 30l.; there is but one other copy of it known to exist on vellum, and that is in the cathedral at York. Sir Mark Sykes manifested so ardent a disposition to possess this volume, that previously to his fortunate purchase abroad, he is said to have offered the Archbishop and the Dean and Chapter of York 1000 guineas for their copy, which they refused. Mr. Thorpe, the bookseller, was the Archbishop of Canterbury's powerful competitor.

go early to bed, and, as this was an evening party, they prepared themselves by a four hours' nap previous; whether they took the same precaution on going to the theatre I have not learnt. The play was Pizarro, and nothing could have been more appropriately selected. The king and queen were attended by his prime minister, lord high admiral, and suite. All the party displayed much feeling, in the more serious parts of the play, particularly in the scenes between Cora and her child. The queen was 'like Niobe, all tears.' The lord high admiral next became affected, and, looking piteously on her majesty, seemed to address her in the language of Rowe: 'O take me as a fellow-mourner with thee; I'll number groan for groan and tear for tear, And when the fountains of thy eyes are dry, Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.'

Twinnie the governor's wife, and the premier of Wahoo, could resist no longer: nature forced its way, and expressed its sympathy in tears. As for the king,—

'He did naught but sigh,  
If I might judge by the high heaving vesture  
Folded so deep on his majestic breast,'—  
until, at length, the force of firmness could no further go; the sorrows of Cora and the afflicted state of his own consort and courtiers overpowered his manly heart, and he participated in their feelings. The king was in tears—not 'iron tears,' such as 'ran down Pluto's cheek,' but tears as genuine as ever dimmed the bright eyes of British fair. It was truly gratifying, though affecting, to see so much amiable feeling displayed by people whom we are too apt to look upon as barbarians, and deficient in those tender emotions of the heart which are among the best traits of human nature.

Prince Hohenlohe's miracles have again been eclipsed, and the good people of London amused with the public recitation from popery of a Munster man, of the name of John Lee. This farce was publicly performed last Sunday, at the church of St. Mary Somerset, in Upper Thames Street. The fellow is as illiterate as any Patlander, and with as rich an Irish brogue as ever was transferred from the land of potatoes and St. Patrick to the banks of the Thames. His anathema against a religion which, perhaps, not more than a month ago, he would have fought to maintain, was coarse and vulgar, and a disgrace to the ecclesiastical authorities that permitted it. Not a word of it, however, shall tarnish the pages of

ASMODEUS.

## Original Poetry.

### THE TOPER'S LIST.

'LIFE's a bumper' of good wine,  
To me at least a drop's divine:  
At dinner humble *Cape* may do;  
*Pontac* may suit the meander few;  
For constant use none should be trusted  
But ancient honest *Port*, well crusted;  
And when I wish to be quite merry,  
Give me, ye gods, a butt of *Sherry*;  
Though some, so wise, pretend to tell us,  
That naught on earth is like *Buccelas*;  
And others make a great bravado  
About their fine *Amontillado*,  
Or *Teneriffe*, or *Calcarella*,  
Or *Paxarette*, to make you mellow;  
'Tis all a flam; there's nothing clearer,  
Than that they're beat by prime *Madeira*,  
When it has been to eastern climes,  
And comes home ripen'd like their limes;  
Your *Lisbon*, *Mountain*, *Tent*, and such,  
May suit old ladies very much;—  
*Constantia*, though, is pretty stuff,  
And of it I've had *quantum suff.*

Then come the famous wines of France,  
Wines that would make a stoic dance:  
*Moselle* is humble drink, I know,  
*Sauterne* and *Barsac* but so so;  
But *Frontignac* in goodness rises,  
As he well knows who knows the prices;  
Then *Claret* comes, of sorts so various,  
Its quality is quite precarious;  
When ask'd to take it, I say 'No,'  
Whether *Latour*, *Lafite*, *Margaux*,  
Its growth may be;—I like it not—  
Though some may call me vulgar sot:  
But truly I could fill my page,  
To sing the praise of *Hermitage*,  
I care not whether white or red,—  
Sure it would almost raise the dead:  
And the *Champagne*, like sun-light beaming,  
Whether the sparkling or the creaming,  
Or pinky-colour'd; each, so brave,  
Would make a monarch of a slave:  
Next *Burgundy*, that princely liquor,  
Will make your spirits travel quicker;  
And, to conclude my noble stock,  
Be mine a lot of prime *old Hock*!—  
With cellars full of wines like these,  
Your blood, my boys, can never freeze;  
Place but on these your firm reliance,  
And set old Winter at defiance.

J. M. LACEY.

### LIBERTY'S ADDRESS TO THE GREEKS.

On, on, valiant Greeks, persevere and be free;  
Stand forward, your country, your offspring  
to save;  
The world looks with confident hope upon ye,  
Descended from heroes so gallant and brave.  
Revert to the deeds your forefathers have done;  
The record is handed to you of each name;  
Though set, they inspire like the rays of the  
sun,  
And, deathless, emblazon the annals of fame.  
Emulate their bold deeds, be ye gallant as they,  
Your bondage is broken, your chains scarcely  
gall;  
Every trait of your ancestors' courage display,  
Your tyrants will flee, the proud crescent  
must fall.

\* Our cockney critics will not object to this couplet.

Already it wanes and grows dim to the sight,—  
Its zenith is pass'd, and 'tis naught but a  
gleam ;  
And soon 'twill be lost in the darkness of night,  
For, behold me at full, and hail Liberty's  
beam.

My pipe is a shepherd's in peace—but in war,  
'Tis a trumpet that blows to the tyrant's dis-  
may ;  
Its influence as mild as the evening star,  
Or blasting and dread as the sirroc's wild  
way.

Now I come clad in arms, to inspire and to  
lead,  
I cast the white vesture of peace from me  
far ;—

To conquest come on, and for liberty bleed,  
Our cause will ennoble and sanction the war.

Your sorrow, your patience, I've silently seen,  
I waited on Time, till the watch-word was  
given ;

It has pass'd, it has pass'd, like a star that has  
been,  
That has illuminated the earth, and still shines in  
its heaven.

Combine on your mountains, from valleys arise,  
My spirit infuse in each breast, and 'tis  
thine ;  
The despot's proud menace with scorn to de-  
spise,  
And bid Liberty's sun o'er the dim crescent  
shine.

Your oppressors, what are they?—The slaves  
of the slave,  
The vilest of bigots—of freemen the scorn !  
Astigma of manhood!—that cruelly have,  
Where terror could conquer, each privilege  
torn.

Awake thee, arouse from the slumber of ages,  
See victory's star shines, how pure and how  
bright ;  
To conquest it leads, and with honour engages,  
To secure to yourselves and your offspring  
each right.  
O. F.

### Fine Arts.

#### THE EXHIBITIONS.—BLACKWOOD.

THE writer of an article in Blackwood's Magazine, on this subject, assures us that the present is the very worst exhibition that has long been known at Somerset House. According to him, the majority of the productions do not at all rise above the lowest efforts of art. 'Artists indeed!' exclaims this gentleman, 'sign-posts, tea-trays, stone-ware plates and saucers, are works of the sublimest art, compared with ten twelfths of the affairs that blaze along these interminable walls.' We are ready to allow that there are many very mediocre performances this year,—that several pictures which had better been omitted altogether, are rather conspicuously placed, while others, which deserved better situations, are thrust into very inferior points of view, so that a person must have a very great affection for them indeed to be at the pains of examining

them. The authors of many of these productions have been woefully mistaken if they expected to find an *Eutopia* in the rooms at the Royal Academy:—we acknowledge, too, with regret, that there is by far too much commonplace portrait, very little landscape, and very few attempts at all at history; still there are a score of redeeming works—genuine productions of art. Some four or five portraits by the president are almost beyond all praise: we have already spoken of his two children—so we must call them, let Mr. Calmady take it as he will,—which, for expression and sentiment, execution and colouring, are beyond all praise:—what animation, soul, and spirit! Then there is his portrait of Mrs. Harford, beaming with intelligence and the most witching grace, Sir Thomas is eminently the painter of these qualities; and is most peculiarly successful where the generality of artists are least so—we mean in catching that finer essence of beauty that utterly baffles all description—that which is more captivating than all the blue and black eyes, tints of the lily and the roses, snowy bosoms, and flowing tresses, that either novelist or poet ever raved about. His pencil gives us the eye beaming with joy and sensibility—the look of soft benignity—the smile that lightens up the countenance and animates the canvas with life—and that refined air of elegance which is most engaging even in spite of all defects of either face or person. We shall not repeat our praises of Etty's Pandora, Danby's Sunset (which, for originality and mind, is one of the most striking productions that we have seen for some time: it possesses much of that poetical conception that Martin displays in his scenery), Leslie's exquisite chef-d'œuvre from *Don Quixote*;\* but we will point out one or two more excellent pictures, that we have not yet noticed. Foremost among these, is Hilton's Love taught by the Graces, No. 69, a delightful allegorical subject, treated with that moral feeling that shows that the artist aims at something more than merely exciting the fancy. The effect of the whole is really rich and powerful. No. 107, Howard's portrait of a young lady in the Florentine costume of 1500, has been greatly admired by many, but it has too much the appearance of second-

\* The oftener and the longer we look at this picture the more we admire it. Mr. L. must positively give us a series of illustrations of *Don Quixote*; for he seems to have completely caught the spirit and delicate humour of the original.

hand merit, to be altogether to our taste. It is avowedly an imitation of Da Vinci, and, as far as execution goes, a successful one; but then it wants one of the principal charms that is attached to the works of that master—the associations and reminiscences connected with them. The present portrait is in fact a mere fancy or masquerade portrait; consequently, wants that individuality and truth which we seek in portraiture. We should admire a picture of this description by Da Vinci, as a specimen of that rare and esteemed master; but we cannot value this as a specimen of Mr. Howard's style, because it is in fact not his own, but borrowed: as a skilful imitation it may please, but no more. We must confess that we were more interested by No. 84, Hayes' portrait of Madame Riego. There is an air of nature and of truth in this head, and a sweet pensive expression in the countenance, that forcibly arrest the attention; and although we could not but have been struck with it even had it been designated in the catalogue only as the portrait of 'a lady,' we must confess that we are so much under the influence of a name, and of the magic of association; that we gazed on it more earnestly than we should have done, had we not known that the features here represented were those of the widow of the ill-fated Riego. Sharp's Favourite Child, No 122, does not appear to have been any great favourite with the Hanging Committee, for if it be as low in their estimation as they have placed it in the room, it is impossible that it should be lower. The idea is good—but we could have desired somewhat more vigour in the colouring and transparency in the shadows, and a little more expression in the father. We think, too, that there is something too fanciful and theatrical in the background.—No. 159, Othello, relating the story of his life to Brabantio and Desdemona, by Fradelle, is not equal to some of this artist's former productions. The execution is exceedingly hard, and the colouring any thing but harmonious; neither can we bestow any great commendation on the composition. No. 166, King William III., Lord Coingsby, and the Earl of Portland, has great merit. There is much energy and character in this piece: the horses, too, are admirably painted, and the costume of the period appears to have been strictly adhered to. We must now be permitted to take another glance at Mulready's Widow, who, somehow or other, seems greatly to have shocked the delicacy of most of the critics: some

do not scruple to affirm that it is downright ‘disgusting;’ but really, after examining it again, we must say that we think there is a little prudery and affectation in the extreme nicety these gentlemen display; not that we mean to say that the subject is a very refined one. The critic in *Blackwood*, however, affirms that, gross as it is, it is by no means so much so as Richter’s *Widow*, in the Gallery of British Artists, in Suffolk Street; which, if we may rely on his judgment and sensibility, deserves to be burnt outright as an abomination! ‘This gentleman,’ the critic adds, ‘has the delicate imagination and airy touch of a dray-horse.’ This is pretty well, we think, for *Blackwood*; as our friend Jonathan says, ‘pretty damned considerably modest.’ Surely Ebony must have been seized with a sudden qualm of conscience; or, verily, he must be turning puritan—and then, alas! alas! what will become of his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*—what of their delectable potations and compotations, that shed such a humour over the volumes of *Maga.*?—The worst that we can say of the *Widow* is, that she has a fine bosom, and displays, perhaps, somewhat more of it than would be thought decent in a meeting-house,—that is, about nearly as much as a fashionably dressed lady exposes to the public gaze of a crowded ball-room or assembly. We do not pretend to say that this wicked widow is quite so sanctified, demure, and innocent as one of Stothard’s Graces, albeit, they are altogether nude; but we really hope that the Society for the Suppression of Vice will not insist upon her being turned out of the gallery before her due time. We hope that the magistrates will not insist upon a lady of her appearance being sent to the tread-mill: and most religiously pray that the editor of the *John Bull* may not take it into his head to read her a moral lecture,—which would doubtless be much less to her edification than to that of his readers. We hope, too, the committee may not insist upon a curtain being drawn before this scandalous picture; since, in that case, people would naturally look at it more than ever.—But let us have done at once with this vile naughty performance.—So *allons*, ladies; give me leave to conduct you to the National Gallery, and expatiate to you on the chaste beauties of Poussin’s Bacchanalians.

FRANCIS JOHNSON, Esq. a gentleman who has enriched the metropolis of Ireland by various fine pieces of archi-

ecture\*, has, with almost unprecedented munificence, commenced the erection of a building, which he intends to bestow on the new Royal Irish Academy of Artists. This structure, the cost of which will amount to little short of £20,000, is proceeding with great spirit. It will be about 42 feet in front, but extend to a considerable depth. There will be two exhibition rooms, one 56 feet by 32, the other 39 by 22. The council-room will be 30 feet by 20, and an ante-room, on the same floor, 20 by 10. The other apartments will be numerous and commodious, and the front of the edifice will be of hewn stone. It is quite delightful to hear of such a noble example of public spirit and affection for art, nor can we do otherwise than augur well of an institution commenced with such a disinterested feeling.

#### The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

MUNDEN’S FAREWELL.—The veteran Munden, who for upwards of half a century has been a votary at the shrine of Thalia, has quitted the mimic scene rich in fortune and fame, ere his talents have suffered any decay. This event took place on Monday at Drury Lane Theatre, when he took his farewell benefit, and performed the characters of Sir Robert Bramble, and Old Dozey, in the comedy of the *Poor Gentleman*, and the farce of *Past Ten o’Clock*—characters which he has had exclusively to himself for many years. On Munden’s excellencies as an actor, all the terms of eulogy have long ago been exhausted, and until new phrases are discovered, all praise must be but repetition. Mr. Munden, though so veteran an actor, did not make his debut on the London boards until he had reached a mature age. His first appearance was on the 1st of December, 1790, when he appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, in the characters of Sir Francis Gripe and Jemmy Jumps, and was honoured with the most decided applause. Since that period he has never ceased to be a favourite, and to rank among the first comedians of the age. Mr. Munden is not less remarkable for his amiable qualities in private life, than his merits as an actor, and he carries with him into his retirement as large a portion of the esteem and friendship of his admi-

vers as ever fell to the lot of an individual. His benefit was crowded to excess. At the conclusion of the farce the veteran advanced to the front of the stage: the whole audience appeared to rise, and received him with immense cheering; handkerchiefs and hats waved from every part, and we sincerely believe Munden was no longer an actor. As Dozey he had drunk ‘Success to old Joe Munden’s friends,’ which he did with strong feeling, but he now appeared overwhelmed, and he delivered the following sentences with a faltering voice:—

‘LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The moment is now arrived when I have to perform the painful duty of bidding you farewell. When I call to remembrance that five and thirty years have elapsed since I first had the honour of appearing before you, I am still more forcibly reminded that I ought to leave the scene for younger and gayer spirits to mingle in.

‘But it is not easy to shake off in a moment the habits of years, and you will, I know, pardon me if I am tedious, since it is *for the last time*.

‘I carry with me into private life, ladies and gentlemen, the deep and indelible remembrance of that kind, that liberal indulgence, with which you have at all times regarded my humble efforts to amuse. I feel that I am ‘poor in thanks,’ but your kindness is registered *here*, and never will be forgotten; and should the recurrence of early association occasionally bring back the veteran comedian to *your recollection*, he will ask for no higher fame.

‘I thank you most sincerely, ladies and gentlemen, for the patience with which you have listened to me, and I now bid you a respectful, a grateful, and a *last adieu!*’

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The new play of *Charles II.* which we learn by a letter from Mr. Thomas Dibdin, is but a slightly altered version of a piece of his, performed one hundred nights at the Surrey, continues attractive; indeed, the acting is excellent. On Monday, the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands and suite visited this theatre, and were received with the honours due to royalty. The performances were *Pizarro* and the new spectacle, with which they appeared much delighted.

VAUXHALL.—In this favourite place of amusement, which opened last Monday, the *ballet al fresco* seems to have lost none of the attractions which it possessed last season, and, in order to accommodate such spectators as choose to purchase additional tickets, a gallery has been erected opposite to it. The proscenium, also, of the stage has been

\* Among these are the Castle Chapel, St. Andrew’s Church, St. George’s, the Post Office, the Richmond General Penitentiary, and the Foundling Hospital Chapel.

improved; but we would hint to the proprietors the necessity of forthwith removing one or two trees, which greatly obstruct the view of the stage to that part of the company who are not so fortunate as to obtain places directly in front of it. The performance obtained much approbation, nor did the majority of the company seem to think it at all too long; although we should think that the standing part of the spectators (who, by the bye, are not placed on a sufficient slope so as to look conveniently over each other's heads) would have no great reason to murmur were it somewhat abridged, and might carry away with them fewer colds and catarrhs. The *corps de ballet* is numerous, and is composed of performers of all sizes, from the juvenile to the infantile. Some of these *debutans* exhibit very precocious talent, for they appear to have hardly escaped their leading-strings. We perceive but little alteration in other parts of the gardens: the saloon and rotunda, we regret to say, remain *status quo*, displaying their old-fashioned finery, paintings, &c.; which, we must really say, do not deserve that strong attachment which the proprietors seem to entertain for them. The large dingy pictures of Hayman, in their heavy antique frames, might be given to the Antiquarian Society; and Mr. Nash might be commissioned to Brightonize and to brighten the faded *what do ye call it* architecture of the rotunda. The old shabby *soi-disant* marble columns, too, which too plainly show, by many an unseemly rent, their near affinity to wood and canvass, should be instantly removed, were it not for the moral lesson that they inculcate:—how many of those who now figure away their brief hour, in all the bravery of vamped-up meretricious attractions, will too shortly stand a mark of contempt and derision like these poor columns, whose motto is now, alas! *fuius!* But a truce to these atrabilious, mal-a-propos reflections—unfit for any one to indulge in, except him whose coat and appearance are as forlorn and as *seedy* as these columns themselves.—A more animating spectacle awaits us yonder, where rockets leave a train of light in the air, that descends in flakes of fire on the heads of the spectators. Anon a torrent of liquid fire and living gold emits a glorious brilliancy through the surrounding gloom. The trees are tinged with a delicate emerald tint, and are finely relieved from the black sky. The bright and docile element is made

to perform the most intricate and beautiful involutions and evolutions, and to assume various well-contrasted tints. Here in the centre of a radiant star glows a deep ruby, while the diverging points are composed of fires that eclipse the diamond's blaze. A small star, at first almost imperceptible, suddenly expands till it becomes a beaming golden sun, illuminating every surrounding object. Then again all is dark, till suddenly bursts a flood of the most vivid light on every side—a dreadful ordeal, by the bye, to not a few countenances and complexions among the spectators. Aloft, far above the heads of the gazing crowd, Mr. Blackmore is seen vaulting in mid-air, with as much nonchalance as the *cavalier seul* in a quadrille. This performer is literally and without a figure unapproachable, ‘while we petty men peep under his huge legs,’ wondering at the ease with which he walks the air; then enveloped in dense clouds of waving silvery smoke, he is for brief space concealed from our anxious gaze, until we at length behold him on the pinnacle of the Moorish castle. We really think that a painter might here catch some very grand and beautiful effects of light during this spectacle.

There was no very great novelty or particular humour in the songs; for there was a revival of ‘When the Lads of the Village,’ and a new version of ‘Polly Hopkins,’ which seemed to have lost nothing of the popular favour which that duet obtained last season. We think, however, that a little more variety in this respect would not diminish the pleasures of the evening. A comic song, ‘We are all of us Cooks in our Turn,’ had some smart points, though we are not aware that any particular allusion was made in it to a piquant dish that is so frequently served up gratuitously to the visitors, especially the late visitors at Vauxhall—we mean a *broil*.

### Literature and Science.

Mr. Swainson has in the press a small work on the Zoology of Mexico, containing descriptions of the animals collected there by Mr. Bullock, and intended as an appendix to the travels of the latter in that country. The plates (which may be had either coloured or plain) will represent some of the most beautiful humming-birds of Mexico.

Mr. W. Sears, of Leeds, has made an improvement upon the safety valve of steam-engine boilers, which appears well calculated to prevent those explosions which have so often proved fatal. The principle of this invention is to take the

control of the safety-valve entirely out of the hands of the engineer, and place it at the disposal of a self-regulator, acting by the pressure of steam, and which does not admit of being weighted.

The death of Lord Byron is still deeply felt; the idolators of his fame are in Paris as numerous as in England. A bookseller in the Palais Royal, by whom all his works were published, hung his shop with crape. Such a mark of respect—somewhat enthusiastic, perhaps—to the memory of this extraordinary man, when viewed in Paris, in connection with the kindred feelings it excites, cannot fail to carry some important indications with it to reflective politicians. Monsieur Casimir Delavigne, so well known by his literary productions, particularly by his *Ecole de Vieillards*, has just finished a *Mémoir* on his death. Its publication is looked for with impatience. One of the most distinguished sculptors in Paris is likewise engaged, at this moment, in modelling a bust of him in the finest marble. Such tributes paid to departed genius are alike honourable to the poet of England and to the patriots of France.—*British Press*.

On Wednesday Mr. Graham, attended by his wife, ascended in a very fine balloon, from the gardens of White Conduit House. Nothing could be grander than the ascent, of which Mr. Graham gives the following account:—Shortly after their ascension, Mr. Graham found it necessary to rid himself of all the ballast from the car, and indeed of every thing else of a weighty description. They kept the city in their sight for full half an hour, and they lost all earthly views by the balloon entering a dense cloud, in which they experienced much cold. They passed through several others, the effects of which completely deprived them of hearing. The thermometer, at this period, which was about ten minutes past six o'clock, stood at the freezing point, and in about a quarter of an hour after, it was as low as 20. The thirst that they now experienced was unprecedented, which they had no way of decreasing, having no liquid in the car but brandy. At length they reached a clear and serene atmosphere, and the sun shone forth in its brightest rays, the clouds below having their usual appearance—that of snow-mountains heaped together. The tendency of the balloon to ascend was very great, and it was found necessary to open the valve a little, in order to discharge a portion of gas, and to prevent the vehicle ascending. Having been in the air one hour and twenty minutes, they began to descend, and threw out the grappling irons, which were fastened to a rope 270 feet in length. Mrs. Graham looked over the side of the car, and observed that the irons appeared like a table knife. They now began as gradually to descend as they had ascended, and having obtained a gravity, in ten minutes they reached *terra firma*, in a field belonging to Farmer Brown, in the village of Cuckfield, about

fourteen miles from Brighton, in one of the most tremendous showers of rain ever remembered. The car slightly rebounded three times on touching the earth, but not to injure it or the adventurers.

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Baton.	1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
May 28	57	69	63	30 57	Fair.	
.... 29	60	65	55	.. 31	Cloudy.	
.... 30	56	60	54	29 86	Do.	
.... 31	55	66	60	.. 93	Fair.	
June 1	55	67	55	30 24	Do,	
.... 2	50	68	60	.. 35	Do.	
.... 3	50	58	53	.. 38	Cloudy.	

## The Bee:

## OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

*Indian Anecdote.*—When Gen. Lincoln went to make peace with the Greek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to sit down on a log. He was then desired to move, and, in a few minutes, to move farther. The request was repeated till the general got to the end of the log. The Indian said, ‘Move farther;’ to which the general replied, ‘I can move no farther.’ ‘Just so it is with us,’ said the chief; ‘you have moved us back to the water, and then ask us to move farther!'

The French translator of the Heart of Mid Lothian, transformed ‘a buxom young woman’ into ‘une femme à teint couleur de bois,’ (a woman of the complexion of box-wood.)

In the debate which recently took place in the Pennsylvania legislature, on the bill for taxing bachelors, the epithet of ‘wretched being’ was applied by some of the married gentlemen: when a sturdy old bachelor said he scorned the epithet, and ‘would rather have a pair of feather breeches forced on him, and be set to hatching eggs, than to be married as some men are married.’ Mr. Wise thought bachelors pretty well taxed already: he read a section of the tax law, showing that cows, hogs, horses, single freemen without occupation, geese, and geldings, were enumerated as taxables.

*The Beauties of Shakespeare.*—A small book, entitled the Beauties of Shakespeare, was shown to Sheridan, who turned over the leaves for some time with apparent satisfaction, and then said—‘This is very well, but where are the other seven volumes?’

*Sir W. Jones's Opinion of Robertson's Charles V.*—‘I have just read Robertson's Life of Charles the Fifth, the narrative of which is amusing and instructive, and the style flowing and elegant; but the former wants that spirit and fire of genius that alone can make a history animated, and leave great impression on the mind; and the latter has too great a sameness in the turns of the sentences, and abounds with too many affected words.’

## TO READERS &amp; CORRESPONDENTS.

THE review of the new novel, ‘Trials,’ the concluding notice of the Witch-Finder, with several other articles prepared for the present number, are unavoidably deferred to our next, in order to make room for the press of original interesting matter.

We should like to see a little more of our kind correspondent’s ‘Bird’s Eye View,’ &c.

*Works published since our last notice.*—Lady Murray’s Memoirs of Sir G. and Lady Grisell Baillie, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. Memoirs of Henry the Great, 2 vols. 24s. Franklin’s Journey, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. Barton’s Poetic Vigils, foolscap 8vo. 8s. The Two Rectors, 10s. 6d. Garrison on Arteries, vol. 1, 5s. Life of Gilbert Earl, Esq. by himself, 8s. Scripture Natural History, 3s. Slade’s Annotations on the Epistles, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. Rev. W. S. Gilly’s Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont, 4to. 2l. 2s. Edinburgh Annual Register, 1823, 21s. New Annual Register, do. 21s. Essay on Cause and Effect, 8s. Voltaire’s Philosophical Dict. vol. 3. 8s. Hodgson’s Letters from N. America, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. Rosalviva, or the Demon Dwarf, 3 vols. 18s. Abdallah, an oriental poem, by Horace Gynné, 8s. 6d. Dale’s (Rev. T.) Translation of Sophocles, 2 vols. 25s. Crabb’s Synonyms, 3d edition, 21s. Leigh’s Second Letter to a Friend in Town, 8vo. 3s. Familiar Address on the Lord’s Supper, 12mo. 6s. Templeman’s Conrad, and other Poems, 12mo. Hare’s Physiological Views, 8vo. Campbell’s Flowers of Literature, 12mo. 5s.

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THE METROPOLITAN LITERARY JOURNAL, No. II.

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